O Sons and Daughters, Let Us Sing!

1 O sons and daughters, let us sing! The King of heaven, the glorious King, o'er death and hell rose triumphant.
2 That night the apostles met in fear; amidst them came their Lord most dear and said, "My peace be on all here."
3 When Thomas first the tidings heard, who they had seen the risen Lord, he doubted the disciples'
4 "My pierced side, O Thomas, see; my hands, my feet, I showed to thee; not faithless, but believing be." hands, the side; "Thou art my Lord and God," he cried.
5 No longer Thomas then denied, he saw the feet, the constant been, for they eternal life shall win.
6 How blest are they who have not seen, and yet whose faith has Alleluia! Alleluia!

Text: Attrib. Jean Tisserand (d. 1494); tr. John M. Neale (1818-1866), alt.
Tune: French melody, 15th c.; Airs sur les hymnes sacrez, 1623
888 Alleluias
O FILII ET FILIAE
www.hymnary.org/text/o_sons_and_daughters_let_us_sing

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